EPIGRAMMES

and

ELEGIES.

By I. D. and

+C. M.

+ Id est, Chr. Marlo, of whom see Anth. à Wood's Ath. Oxon. Vol. 1. col. 288. where however he does not mention these Epigrams & Elegies.

At Middleborugh.

Epigrmmata prima.

Ad Musam,

FLie merry Muſe vnto that merry towne,
where thou mayſt playes, reuels, and triumphes
The houſe of fame, & Theatre of renowne, (ſee
VVhere all good wits & ſpirits loue to be.

Fall in betwene their hands, that loue & praiſe thee
and be to them a laughter and a ieſt:
but as for them which ſcorning ſhall approue thee,
Diſdayne their wits, and thinke thyne owne the beſt.

But if thou finde any ſo groſe and dull,
That thinke I do to priuat Taxing leane:
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme does meane.
Which Taxeth vnder a particular name,
A generall vice which merits publique blame.

OFt in my laughing rimes, I name a gull,
But this new terme will many queſtions breede
Therefore at firſt I will expreſſe at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeede.

A gull is he, who feares a veluet gowne,
and when a wench is braue, dares not ſpeake to her:
A gull is he which trauerſeth the towne,
and is for marriage knowne a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he prowdlie weares,
a ſiluer hilted Rapier by his ſide:
Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,
Whilſt in his ſheath, his ſleeping ſword doth bide.

A gull is he which weares good hanſome cloathes,
And ſtandes in preſence ſtroaking vp his hayre:
and filles vp his vnperfect ſpeech with othes.
but ſpeakes not one wiſe word throughout the yeere
But to define a gull in termes preciſe,
A gull is he which ſemes, and is not wiſe.

In

In Fauſtum 7

Fauſtus not lord, nor knight, nor wiſe, nor olde,
To euery place about the towne doth ride,
He rides into the fieldes, Playes to beholde,
He rides to take boate at the water ſide,
He rides to Powles, he rides to th'ordinarie,
He rides vnto the houſe of bawderie too.
Thither his horſe ſo often doth him carry,
That ſhortlie he wil quite forget to go.

In Katum 1

Kate being pleaſde, wiſht that her pleaſure coulde,
Indure as long as a buſſe ierkin would.
Content thee Kate, although thy pleaſure waſteth,
Thy pleaſures place like a buffe ierkin laſteth:
For no buſſe ierkin hath bin oftner worne,
Nor hath more ſcrapings or more dreſſings born.

In Librum 9

Liber doth vaunt how chaſtely he hath liude,
Since he hath bin in towne 7 yeeres and more,
For that he ſweares he hath foure onely ſwiude,
A maide, a wife, a widow and a whoore:
Then Liber thou haſt ſwiude all women kinde,
For a fift ſort I know thou canſt not finde.

In Medonem 10

Great Captaine Medon weares a chaine of golde,
which at fiue hundred crownes is valued;
For that it was his graundsires chaine of olde,
when great king Henry Bulleigne conquered.
and weare it Medon, for it may ensue,
that thou by vertue of this Massie chaine,
a stronger towne than Bulloigne maist subdue,
Yf wisemens sawes be not reputed vaine.
For what saide Phillip king of Macedon?
There is no Castle so wel fortifid,
But if an Asse laden with gold comes on,
The guarde wil stoope, and gates flie open wide.

In Gellam 10

Gella, if thou dost loue thy selfe, take heede,
lest thou my rimes, vnto thy louer reade,
For straight thou grinst, & then thy louer teeth,
Thy canker-eaten gums, and rotten teeth.

In Quintum 12

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,
and there it wanders vp and down the streetes,
Dabled in the durt, and soaked in the raine.
Doubtlesse his wit intendes not to aspire,
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

In

In Seuerum 13

The puritane Seuerus oft doth reade,
this text that doth pronounce vaine ſpeech a ſinne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceede
From out the mouth, not that which enters in.
Hence is it, that we ſeldome heare him ſweare,
and thereof like a Phariſie he vaunts,
but he deuoures more Capons in a yeare,
Then would ſuffice a hundreth proteſtants.
And ſooth thoſe ſectaries are gluttons all,
Aſweli the threed-bare Cobler as the knight,
For thoſe poore ſlaues which haue not wherwithal
Feede on the rich, til they deuoure them quite.
And ſo like Pharoes kine, they eate vp cleane,
Thoſe that be fat, yet ſtill themſelues be leane.

In Leucam 14

Leuca in preſence once a fart did let,
Some langht a little, ſhe forſooke the place:
and madde with ſhame, did eke her gloue forget,
which ſhe returnde to fetch with baſhfull grace:
And when ſhe would haue ſaid, my gloue,
My fart (qd ſhe) which did more laughter moue.

In Macrum 15

Thou canſt not ſpeake yet Macer, for to ſpeake,
is to diſtinguiſh ſoundes ſignificant,
Thou with harſh noyſe the ayre doſt rudely breake,
But what thou vttereſt common ſence dnth want:
Halfe Engliſh wordes, with fuſtian tearms among
Much like the burthen of a Northerne ſong.

In Fauſtum 16

That youth ſaith Fauſtus, hath a Lyon ſeene,
Who from a Dycing houſe comes monieleſſe,
but when he loſt his hayre, where had he beene,
I doubt me had ſeene a Lyoneſſe.

In Coſmum 17

Coſmus hath more diſcourſing in his head,
then Ioue, when Pallas iſſued from his braine,
and ſtill he ſtriues to be deliuered,
Of all his thoughtes at once, but al in vaine.
For as we ſee at all the play houſe dores,
when ended is the play. the daunce, and ſong:
A thouſand townſeman, gentlemen, & whores

Porters & ſeruing-men togither throng,
ſo thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, war,
And borrowing money, raging in his minde,
To iſſue all at once ſo forwarde are,
As none at all can perfect paſſage finde.

In Flaccum 18

The falſe knaue Flaccus once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe ſo falſe a knaue,
but he gaue back my bribe, the more foole he,
That for my follie, did not couſen me.

In Cineam 19

Thou dogged Cineas hated like a dogge,
For ſtill thou grumbleſt like a Maſtie dogge:
compar'ſt thy ſelfe to nothing but a dogge,
Thou ſaiſt thou art as weary as a dogge.
As angry, ſick, & hungry as a dogge,
As dull and melancholy as a dogge:
As lazie, ſleepie, & as idle as a dogge.
But why doſt thou compare thee to a dogge?
In that, for which all men deſpiſe a dogge,
I will compare thee better to a dogge.

Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
Thou art as true and honeſt as a dogge,
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
Thou art as wiſe and valiant as a dogge.
But Cineas, I haue oft heard thee tell,
Thou art as like thy father as may be,
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In Gerontem 20

Geron mouldie memorie corrects,
Old Holinſhed our famous chronicler,
With morrall rules, and pollicie collects,
Out of all actions done thieſe foureſcore yeere.
accounts the time of euery olde euent,
not frō Chriſts birth, nor from the Princes raigne,
But from ſome other famous accident,
Which in mens generall notiſe doth remaine.
The ſiege of Bullogne, and the plaguie ſweat,
The going to ſaint Quintines and new hauen.
The riſing in the North, The froſt ſo great.
That cart-wheele prints on Thames face were ſeene.
The fall of money, & burning of Paules ſteeple,
The blaſing ſtarre and Spaniardes ouerthrow:
By thieſe euents, notorious to the people,
He meaſures times, & things forepaſt doth ſhew.

But

But moſt of all, he chiefliе reckons by,
A priuat chaunce, the death of his curſt wife:
This is to him the deareſt memorie,
And th'happieſt accident of all his life.

In Marcum 21

When Marcus comes frõ Mins, he ſtil doth ſweare
By, come a ſeauen, that all is loſt and gone,
But thats not true, for he hath loſt his hayre
Onely for that, he came too much at one.

In Ciprium 22

The fine youth Ciprius is more tierſe and neate,
Then the new garden of the olde Temple is,
And ſtil the neweſt faſhion he doth get,
And with the time doth chaung from that to this,
He weares a hat now of the flat crown-block,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, & doublet frenchː
He takes Tobacco, and doth weare a locke,
And waſtes more time in dreſſing then a Wench.
Yet this new-fangled youth, made for theſe times,
Doth aboue all, praiſe olde Gaſcoines rimes.

In Cineam 23.

Whē Cineas comes amōgſt his friends in morning
He ſliely lookes who firſt his cap doth moue:
Him he ſalutes, the reſt ſo grimly ſcorning,
As if for euer they had loſt his loue.
I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be ſaluted firſt:
catch at my cap, but moue it not a whit:
Which perceiuing he ſeemes for ſpite to burſt.
But cineas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a qualitie
For vault, and daunce, & fence & rime I can,
You keep a whore at your own charg men tel me
Indeede friend (cineas) therein you excell me.

In Gallum 24

Gallus hath bin this Sommer time in Friesland,
And now returned he ſpeakes ſuch warlike wordes
As if I coulde their Engliſh vnderſtand,
I feare me they would cut my Throat like ſwordes
He talkes of counterſcarfes and caſomates,
Of parapets, of curteneys and Pallizadois,
Of flankers, Rauelings, gabions he prates,
And of falſe brayes, & ſallies & ſcaladoſe:

But

But to require ſuch gulling termes as theſe,
With wordes of my profeſſion I replie:
I tel of foorching, vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of Withernams, eſſoynes, and champartie.
ſo neyther of vs vnderſtanding eyther,
We part as wiſe as when we came together.

In Decium 25

Audacious Painters haue nine worthies made,
But Poet Decius more audacious farre,
Making his miſtres march with men of warre,
With title of tenth worthlie doth her lade,
Me thinkes that gul did vſe his termes as fit,
which termde his loue a Giant for hir wit.

In Gellam 26

If gellas beautie be examined.
ſhe hath a dull dead eye, a ſaddle noſe,
An ill ſhapte face, with morphew ouerſpread,
and rotten Teeth which ſhe in laughing ſhowes.
Briefly ſhe is the filthyeſt wench in Towne,
of all that do the art of whooring vſe:
But when ſhe hath put on her ſattin gowne,
Her out lawne apron, & her veluet ſhooes.

Her greene silk stockings, and her peticoate,
Of Taffatie, with golden frindge a-rounde:
And is withall perfumed with ciuet hot,
which doth her valiant stinking breath confounde
Yet she with these addicions is no more,
Then a sweete, filthie, fine ill fauored whoore.

In Sillam 27

Silla is often challenged to the fielde,
To answere like a gentleman his foes,
but when doth he his only answere yeelde,
That he hath liuings & faire landes to lose.
Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The king of spaine woulde put vs all in feare.

In Sillam 28

Who dares affirme that Silla dare not fight?
when I dare sweare he dares aduenture more,
Then the most braue, most all daring wight:
That euer armes with resollucion bore.
He that dare touch the most vnholsome whoore,
That euer was retirde into the spittle:
and dares court wenches standing at a dore,
The porcion of his wit being passing litle.

He

He that dares giue his deereſt friendes offeuces,
which other valiant fooles do feare to do:
and when a feuer doth confounde his ſences,
dare eate raw biefe, & drinke ſtrong wine thereto.
He that dares take Tobacco on the ſtage,
dares man a whore at noon-day throgh the ſtreet
dares daunce in Powles, & in this formall age,
dares ſay & do what euer is vnmeete.
Whom fear e of ſhame coulde neuer yet affright,
Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?

In Haywodum 29

Haywood which in Epigrams did excell,
Is now put down ſince my light muſe aroſe:
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a ſchoole-boy putteth downe his hoſe.

In Dacum 30

Amongſt the Poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he neuer make an engliſh rime,
but ſome proſe ſpeeches I haue hearde of his,
which haue bin ſpoken many a dundreth time.
The man that keepes the Eliphant hath one,
wherein he tels the wonders of the beaſt.

An other Bankes pronounced long agoe,
when he his curtalls qualities expreſt:
He firſt taught him that keepes the monuments,
At Weſtminſter his formall tale to ſay.
And alſo him with Puppets repreſents,
and alſo him which with the Ape doth play
Though all his poetrie be like to this,
Amongſt the Poets numbred is.

In Priſcum 31

VVhhen Priſcus raiſde from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreete in pompous iollitie,
Caius his poore familiar friende of late,
be-ſpake him thus, Sir now you know not me:
Tis likely friende (quoth Priſcus) to be ſo,
For at this time my ſelfe I do not know.

In Brunum 32

Brunus which thinkes him ſelfe a faire ſweet youth
is Thirtie nine yeeres of age at leaſt:
Yet was he neuer to confeſſe the truth,
but a dry ſtarueling when he was at beſt.
This gull was ſick to ſhew his night cap fine,
and his wrought Pillow ouerſpred with lawne:
but hath bin well ſince his griefes cauſe hath line,
At Trollups by ſaint Clements church in pawne.

In Francum 33

When Francus comes to ſollace with his whoore
He ſends for rods and ſtrips himſelfe ſtark naked:
For his luſt ſleepes, and will not riſe before,
by whipping of the wench it be awaked.
I enuie him not, but wiſh he had the powre,
To make my ſelfe his wench but one halfe houre

In Caſtorem 34

Of ſpeaking well, why do we learne the skill,
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine.
Sith rayling Caſtor doth by ſpeaking ill,
Oppinion of much wit, and golde obtaine.

In Septimum 35

Septimus liues, and is like Garlicke ſeene,
for though his head be white, his blade is greene.
This olde mad coult deſerues a Martires praiſe,
For he was burned in Queene Maries dayes.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the Gods most soueraigne hearbe diuine.
Nepenthe Hekens drinke with gladnes brings,
harts griefe expells, & doth the wits refine.
but this our age an other worlde hath founde,
frō whēce an hearb of heauēly power is brought,
Moly is not so soueraigne for a woumde,
nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.
It is Tobacco, whose sweet substanciall fume,
The hellish torment of the Teeth doth ease
By drawing downe, & drying vp the rume,
The mother and the nurse of ech disease.
it is Tobacco which doth colde expell,
and cleeres the obstructions of the arteries,
and surfets threatning death digesteth well,
decocting all the stomacks crudities.
It is Tobacco which hath power to clarifie,
The clowdie mistes before dim eies appearing,
It is Tobacco which hath power to rarefie,
The thick grose humour which doth stop the hearing,
The wasting Hectick and the quartaine feuer,
which doth of Phisick make a mockerie:
The gowt it cures, & helps il breaths for euer,
Whether the cause in Teeth or stomacke be.

And

And though ill breaths, were by it but confounded
Yet that Medicine it doth far excell,
Which by sir Thomas Moore hath bin propoũded.
For this is thought a gentleman-like smell,
O that I were one of thiese mountie bankes,
which praise their oyles, & pouders which they sel
my customers would giue me coyne with thankes.
I for this ware, forsooth a Tale would tell,
Yet would I vse none of these teames before,
I would but say, that it the pox wil cure:
This were inough, without discoursing more,
All our braue gallants in the towne t'allure,

In Crassum 37

Crassus his lies are not pernitious lies,
But pleasant fictions, hurtfull vnto none:
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,
To tell for truth, that which for false is knowne.
he sweares that Caunt is threescore miles about,
and that the bridge at Paris on the Seine,
is of such thicknes, lẽgth & breadth, throghout
that sixscore arches can it scarse sustaine.
He sweares he saw so great a dead mans scull,
At Canterbury digde out of the grounde:

That

That woulde containe of wheat, three bushels ful
And that in Kent, are twentie yeomen founde,
Of which the poorest euery yeere dispendes,
Fiue thousand pound: these & v: thousand moe,
So oft he hath recited to his friendes,
that now himselfe, perswades himselfe tis so:
But why doth Crassus tel his lies so rife,
Of bridges, Townes, and things that haue no life.
He is a lawyer, and doth wel espie,
That for such lies an action will not lie.

In philonem 38

Philo the lawyer and the fortune teller,
The schoolemaister, the midwife & the bawde,
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller,
Of painting which with breathing wil be thawde.
doth practise Phisicke, & his credite growes,
as doth the ballade-singers auditorie.
which hath at Tẽple bar his standing chose,
and to the vnlgar sings an ale-house storie.
First standes a Porter, then an Oyster wife,
Doth stint her crie. & stay her steps to heare him,
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a Knife,
and then a cuntrey Client passeth neere him,
There stãds the Cunstable, there stãds the whore
And harkning to the song mark not ech other.

There

There by the Serieant ſtandes the debtor poore,
and doth no mo enmiſtruſt him then his brother:
Thus Orpheus to ſuch hearers giueth Muſique,
And Philo to ſuch Patients giueth phiſicke.

In Fuſcum 39

Fuſcus is free, and hath the worlde at will,
Yet in the courſe of life that he doth leade:
hees like a horſe which turning rounde a mill,
doth alwaies in the ſelfe ſame circle treade:
First he doth riſe at x. and at eleuen
He goes to Gilles, where he doth eate till one,
Then ſees he a play till ſixe, & ſups at ſeauen,
and after ſupper, ſtraight to bed is gone.
and there til tenne next day he doth remaine,
and then he dines, then ſees a commedie:
and then he ſuppes, & goes to bed againe,
Thus rounde he runs without varietie:
Saue that ſometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whoore houſe by the way.

The ſmell feaſt after, Trauailes to the Burſe
Twice euery day the flying newes to heare,
which when he hath no money in his purſe,
To rich mens Tables he doth often beare:
He tels how Gronigen is taken in,
by the braue conduct of illuſtrious Vere:
and how the Spaniſh forces Breſt would win,
but that they do Victorious Norris feare.
No ſooner is a ſhip at Sea ſurpriſde,
but ſtraight he learnes the newes & doth diſcloſe it,
faire written in a ſcrowle he hath the names,
of all the widowes which the plague hath made.
and perſons, Times & places, ſtill he frames,
To euery Tale, the better to perſwade:
We cal him Fame, for that the wide-mouth ſlaue,
will eate as faſt as he wil vtter lies
For Fame is ſaide an hundreth mouthes to haue,
And he eates more then woulde fiue ſcore ſuffice.

In

In paulum 41

By lawfull mart, & by vnlawfull ſtealth,
Paulus in ſpite of enuie fortunate:
Deriues out of the Oceans ſo much wealth,
as he may well maintaine a Lordes eſtate.
But on the lande a little gulfe there is,
wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

In Licum 42

Lycus which lately is to Venice gone,
ſhall if he do returne, gaine 3 for one:
But x to one, his knowledg and his wit,
vvil not be bettered or increaſde a vvhit.

In Publium 43

Publius ſtudent at the common lavv,
oft leaues his bookes, & for his recreation:
To Paris garden doth himſelfe Withdravve,
Where he is rauiſht vvith ſuch delectation
as dovvne amongſt the Beares & dogges he goes,
vvere vvhilſt he skipping cries To head, To head.
His ſatten doublet & his velvet hoſe,
Are all vvith ſpittle from aboue be-ſpread.

When he is like a Fathers cuntrey hall,
ſtinking vvith dogges, & muted al vvith haukes.
and rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for ſuch filthie ſports ..is bookes forſake,
Leauing olde Ployden, Dier & Brooke alone,
To ſee olde Harry Hunkes & Sacanſon.

In Sillam 44

When I this propoſition had defended,
A covvarde cannot be an honeſt man,
Thou Silla ſeemeſt foorthvvith to be offended:
And holdes the contrarie & ſvveres he can.
But when I tel thee that he will forſake
his deareſt friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art changde & ſaiſt thou didſt miſtake,
and ſo we ende our argument & ſtrife.
Yet I thinke oft, & thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum 45

Dacus with ſome good collour & pretence,
Teaſmes his loues beautie ſilent eloquence:
For ſhe doth lay more collours on her face,
Then euer Tullie vſde his ſpeech to grace.

In

In Marcum 46

Why doſt thou Marcus in thy miſerie,
Raile & blaſpheme, & call the heauens vn-kinde,
The heauens draw no Kindeneſſe vnto thee,
Thou haſt the heauens ſo little in thy minde
  for in thy life thou neuer vſeſt prayer,
  But at primero, to encounter faire.

Meditations of a Gull. 47

See yonder melancholie gentleman,
Which hoode-winked with his hat, alone doth ſit,
Thinke what he thinkes & tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
  he thinkes not of the war twixt France & ſpaine
  Whether it be for Europs good or ill,
  Nor whether the Empire can it ſelfe maintaine
  Againſt the Turkiſh power encroching ſtil.
Nor what great Towne in all the nether landes,
The ſtames determine to beſiege this ſpring
Nor how the ſcottiſh pollicie now ſtandes,
Nor what becomes of ths Iriſh mutining.
  But he doth ſeriouſlie bethinke him whether
  Of the guld people he be more eſteemde,
  For his long cloake, or his great blacke Feather.
  By which each gull is now a gallant deemde.

Or of a Iourney he deliberates,
To Paris garden cocke-pit or the play:
Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
Or what he he shall vnto his mistris say:
Yet with these Thoughts he thinks himselfe most
To be of Counsell with a King for wit. (fit

Ad Musam 48.

Peace idle muse,, haue done, for it is time,
Since lowsie Ponticus ensues my fame,
And sweares the better sort are much to blame
To make me so wel knowne for ill rime
Yet Bankes his horse is better knowne then he,
so are the Cammels & the westerne hog,
And so is Lepidus hie painted dogge.
why doth not Ponticus their fames enuie.
Besides this muse of mine, & the blacke fether.
grew both together fresh in estimation,
and both growne stale, were cast away togither:
What fame is this that scarse lasts out a fashion.
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
That frō henceforth, ech bastard castforth rime
which doth but sauour of a Libel vaine.
shal call me father, and be thought my crime,
so dull & with so litle sence endude,
is my grose headed iudge the multitude.

FINIS. I, D.

IGNOTO.

I Loue thee not for ſacred chaſtstie,
who loues for that? nor for thy ſprightly wit:
I loue thee not for thy tweete modeſtie,
Which makes thee in perfections throane to ſit.

I loue thee not for thy inchaunting eye,
Thy beautie rauiſhing perfection:
I loue thee not for vnchaſt luxurie,
Nor for thy bodies faire proportion.

I loue thee not for that my ſoule doth daunce,
And leap with pleaſure when thoſe lips of thine:
giue Muſicall and gracefull vtterance,
To ſome (by thee made happie) poets line.

I loue thee not for voice or ſlender ſmall,
But wilt thou know wherefore- faire ſweet for all.

Faith (wench) I cannot court thy ſprightly eyes,
with the baſe Viall placed betweene my Thighes
I cannot liſpe, nor to ſome Fiddle ſing,
Nor run vppon a high ſtrecht Minikin.

I cannot whine in puling Elegies,
Intombing Cupid with ſad obſequies.

I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
To court thy beutie with lasciuious rimes.
I cannot dally, caper, daunce and sing,
O sing my laint with supple sonneting.
I cannot crosse my armes, or sigh ay me,
Ay me For lorne egregious Fopperie.
I cannot buffe thy fill, play with thy hayre,
Swearing by loue, Thou art most debonaire.
. not I by Cock, but shall tel rhee roundly, soūdly
harke in thine eare, zounds I can ( ) thee.

Sweet wench I loue thee, yet I wil not sue,
O shew my loue as muskie Courtiers doe,
Ile not carouse a health to honor thee,
In this lame bezing drunken curtesie.
and when als quaffe, eate vp my bowsing glasse.
Inglory that I am thy seruile asse.
nor wil I weare a rotten burbon locke.
as some lworne pesant to a female shock.
wel featurde lasse, Thou knowest I loue the deere
Yet for thy sake I wil not bore mine eare.
To hang thy durtie silken shootires there.
nor for thy loue wil I once gnash a brick,
O some pied colloures in my bonnet stiche.
but by the chaps of hell to do thee good,
Ile freely spend my Thrise decocted bloud.

FINIS.

CERTAINE

OF OVIDS

+ ELEGIES.

+ Omitted also by Anth. à Wood

By C Marlow,

At Middleborugh

Amorum lib. 1. Elegia 1.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bell. amoris ſcribere coactus ſit.

VVE which were Ouids fiue books, now are thre
For theſe before the reſt preferreth he:
If reading fiue thou plainſt of tediouſneſſe,
Two taine away the labour will be leſſe:
VVith muſe vpreard I meane to ſing of ames,
Chooſing a ſubiect fit for fierſe alarmes
Both verſes were alike till loue (men ſay)
Began to ſmile and take one foote away
Raſh boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?
VVe are the Muſes prophets, none of thine.
That if thy Mother take Dianas bowe?
Shall Dian fanne when loue begins to glowe.
In woodie groues iſt meete that Ceres raigne,
And quiuer bearing Dian till the plaine:
Whoſe ſet the faire treſſe ſonne in battel ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harpe to play,
Great are thy kingdoms ouer ſtrong and large,
Ambitious Imp, why ſeekſt thou further charge?

Are al things thine? the Muſes tempe thine?
then ſcarſe can Phœbus ſay, this harp is mine.
When in this worke, firſt verſe I trode a-loft.
I ſlackt my muſe, and made my number ſoft.
I haue no Miſtres, nor no fauorit,
Being fitteſt matter for a wanton wit.
thus I complainde, but loue vn-lockt his quiuer,
Tooke out the ſhaft, ordainde my heart to ſhiuer.
and bent his ſinewy bow vppon his knee,
Saying, Poet heeres a worke beſeeming thee.
Oh woe is me, he neuer ſhootes but hits,
I burne, loue in my idle boſome ſits.
Let my firſt verſe be ſixe, my laſt fiue feete,
Farewell ſterne warre, for blunter poets meete,
Elegian muſe, that warbleſt amorous layes,
Gyrt my ſhine browe, with ſeabanke mirtle praiſe.

C Marlowe

Ad amicam.

I aske but right let her that cought me late,
Eyther loue, or cause that I may hate.
I craue too much, would she but let me loue her
loue knows with such like praiers I dailie moue her
Accept him that wil serue thee al his youth,
Accept him that wil loue thee with spotles truth.
Yf loftie titles cannot cause me to be thine.
that am descended but of Knightlie line.
Soone may you plow the little landes I haue,
I gladlie graunt my parents giuen, to saue
Appollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
and Cupid who hath markt me for thy pray
My spotlesse life, which but to gods giue place,
Naked simplicitie, & modest grace.
I loue but one, and her I loue change neuer,
Yt men haue faith, ile liue with thee for euer.
The yeeres that fatal destenie shal giue,
ile liue with thee, and die, or thou shalt grieue.
Be thou the the happie subiect of my bookes
That I may write thinges worthy thy faire lookes.
By verses horned Io got her name,
and she ro whom in shape of Bull loue came.
And she that on a fainde Bull swam to land,
griping his false hornes with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the worlde be rung,
And with my name shal thine be alwaies sung.

Amorum, lib. 1. Elegia. 5.

Corinnæ concubitus.

IN Summers heate, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbes, vppon a bed I lay.
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gaue such light, as twincles in a wood,
like twilight glimps at setting of the sunne
Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.
Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,
Where they may sport, & seeme to be vn-knowne.
Then came Corinna in a long loose gowne,
Her white neck hid with trells hanging downe,
Resembling faire Semiramis going to bed,
Or Layis of a thousand louers spread.
I snatcht her gowne being thin, the harme was smal,
Yet striude she to be couered there-withall.
And striuing thus as one that would be cast,
betrayde her selfe, and yeelded at the last.
Starke naked as she stoode before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body coulde I spie.
What armes & shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breastes were to be prest by me.
How smooth a bellie, vnder her waste saw I,
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh.
To leaue the rest, all pleasde me passing well,
I clingde her faire white body, down she fell.
Iudge you the rest, being tyrde she bade me Kisse,
Ioue send me more such after-noones as this.

C Marlow

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 13.

ad amicum si peccatura est, vt occulte peccet.

SEeing thou art faire, I bar not thy false playing,
But let not me poore foule wit of thy straying.
Nor do I giue thee counsaile to liue chast,
But that thou wouldst dissemble when tis past.
she hath not trode awry that doth deny it,
such as confesse haue lost their good names by it.
What madnes ist to tell night sports by day,
Or hidden secrets openly to bewray,
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
before the roome be cleare, and doore put too.
Will you make shipwracke of your honest name?
and let the worlde be witnesse of the same.
Be more aduisde, walke as a puritane,
and I shall thinke you chast do what you can.
slippe still, onely deny it when tis done,
and before people immodest speeches shun,
The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,
There vse all toyes, and treade shame vnder feete.
When you are vp and drest, be sage and graue,
and in the bed hide all the faults you haue
Be not a shamed to strippe you being there,
and mingle thighes, mine euer yours to beare,
There in your rosie lips my tongue intombe,
Practise a thousande sports when there you come,

For-

Forbare no wanton wordes you there would ſpeake,
And with your paſtime let the bedſted creake.
But wi.h your robes, put on an honeſt face,
And bluſh and ſeeme as you were full of grace.
Deceiue all, let me erre, and think I am right,
and like a wittal, thinke thee voide of ſlight.
Why ſee I lines? ſo oft receiude and giuen,
This bed, and that by tumbling made vn-euen.
Like one ſtart vp, your hayre toſt and diſplaſt.
And with a wantons tooth, your neck new raſte.
Graunt this, that what you doe I may not ſee
Yf you wey not il ſpeeches, yet wey me:
My ſoule ſheetes when I think what you haue done,
and through euery veine doth colde bloud run
Then thee whom I muſt loue I hate in vaine,
and would be dead, but dying with thee remaine,
Ile not ſift much, but holde thee ſoone excuſed,
Say but thou wert iniurioully accuſed.
though while the deedes be doing you be tooke,
and I ſee when you ope the 2 leaude booke.
Sweare I was blinde, yeeld not if you be wiſe,
and I will truſt your wordes more then mine eyes.
From him that yeeldes, the garland is quicklie got,
teach but your tongue to ſay, I did it not,
and being iuſtified by two wordes thinke,
The cauſe acquites you not, but I that winke.

C Marlow:

Amorum lib. 2. Elegia 15.

Ad inuidos, quod fama Poetarum sit perennis.

ENuie, vvhy carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And tearmes our vvorks fruits of an idle quill,
Or that vnlike the line from vvhence I come,
Wars dustie honors are refused being yong,
Nor that I study not the bravvling lavves,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euery cause.
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,
That all the vvorld might euer chaunt my name,
Homer shall liue vvhile Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea svvift Symois shall slide.
Ascreus lines, vvhile grapes vvith nevv vvine svvel,
Or men vvith crooked sickles corne dovvne fell,
For euer lasts high Sophocles proud vaine:
VVith sunne and moone Eratus shall remaine.
While bond-men cheat, fathers hoord, bavvds hoor-
And strumpets flatter, shal Menander flourish. (ish
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of vvit,
Are both in Fames eternall legend vvrit.
VVhat age of Varroes name shall not be tolde,
And Iasons Argos, and the fleece of golde,
Loftie Lucretius shall liue that houre,
That Nature shall dissolue this earthly bovvre.
Eneas vvarre, and Titerius shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquering vvorld is head.

Till Cupids bow, and fierie ſhafts be broken.
Thy verſes ſweete Tibullus ſhal be ſpoken.
And Gallus ſhall be known from Eaſt to Weſt,
So ſhal Licorus whom he loued beſt.
Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away.
Verſe is immortall and ſhal decay.
Let kings giue place to verſe and Kingly ſhowes,
The bankes ore which golde bearing Tagus flowes.
Let baſe conceited wits admire vilde things,
Faire Phœbus leade me to the Muſes ſprings.
About my head be quiuering Mirtle wound.
and in ſad louers heades let me be founde.
The liuing not the dead can enuie bite,
For after dearh all men receiue their right.
Then thogh death rocks my bones in funerall fire,
Ile liue, and as he puls me downe, mount higher.

Ad auroram ne properet.

NOw on the ſea from her olde loue comes ſhee.
That drawes the day frō heauēs cold axletree.
Aurora whither ſlideſt thou down againe,
And byrdes from Memnon yeerely ſhal be ſlaine.
Now in her tender armes I ſvveetlie bide,
If euer, novv vvel lies ſhe by my ſide,
The ayre is colde, and ſleep is ſvveeteſt novv,
And byrdes ſend foorth ſhril notes from euery bovv.
Whither runſt thou, that men & Wœmen loue not
Holde in thy roſie horſes that they moue not.
Ere thou riſe ſtars teach ſeamen vvhere to ſaile,
But vvhen thou comeſt, they of their courſe faile.
Poore trauailers though tired, riſe at thy ſight,
The painful Hinde by thee to fild is ſent,
Slovv Oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou couſneſt boyes of ſleep, & doſt betray them.
To Pedants that vvith cruel laſhes pay them.
Thou mak'ſt the ſurrie to the lavvyer run,
That vvith one vvord hath nigh himſelfe vndone,
The lavvyer & the Client both do hate thy vievv,
Both vvhom thou rayſeſt vp to toyle anevv.
By thy meanes Wœmen of their reſt are barde,
Thou ſeeſt their laboring hands to ſpin and Carde.

This could I beare, but that the Wench ſhould riſe,
Who can endure, ſaue him vvith vvhom none lies?
Hovv oft vviſht I night vvould not giue thee place,
Nor morning ſtarres ſhun thy vpriſing face.
Hovv oft, that eyther vvinde vvould break thy coch
Or ſteeds might fal, forc't vvith thik clouds aproch
vvhither go'ſt thou hateful nimph? Mēnon the elfe.
Receiu'd his cole-black colour from thy ſelfe.
Say that thy loue vvith Cephalus vvere not knovvn
Then thinkeſt thou thy looſe life is not ſhovvne.
Would Tithon might but talke of thee a vvhile,
Not one in heāuen ſhould be more baſe and Vile.
Thou leau'ſt his bed, becauſe hees faint throgh age,
And early mounteſt thy hateful cariage:
But had'ſt thou in thine armes ſome Cæphalus,
Then vvould'ſt thou cry, ſtay night & run not thus.
Punniſh ye me, becauſe yeeres make him vvaine,
I did not bid thee vved an aged ſvvaine.
The Moone ſleepes, and Endimion euery day,
Thou art as faire as ſhe, then kiſſe and play.
Ioue that thou ſhouldſt not haſt but vvait his leiſure
Made tvvo nights one to finiſh vp his pleſure.
I chide no more, ſhe bluſht, and therfore heard me,
Yet lingred not the day, but morning ſcarde me:

Amo-

Amorum lib. 2 Elegia 4,

Quod amet mulieres, Cuiuscunque forme sint.

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or iustifie my vices being many;
For I cõfesse, if that might merite fauour
Here I display my levvde and loose behauiour,
I loath, yet after that I loath I run:
Oh, hovv the burden ikes, that vve shoulde shun.
I cannot rule my selfe but vvhere loue please,
And driuen like a ship vppon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, al faces moue,
A hundred reasons makes me euer Loue.
Yf any eye me vvith a modest Looke,
I blush, & by that blushful glas am tooke
And she thats coy I like, for being no clovvn,
Me thinks she should be quick vvhen she is dovvne.
Though her sovver Lookes a sabines brovv retẽble,
I think sheele do, but deeply can dissemble
If she be Learned, then for her skil I craue her,
If not, becaus shees simple I vvould haue her,
Before Calimecus one preferres me farre,
Seeing she likes my bookes, vvhy should vve iarre?
Another railes at me, and that I vvrite,
Yet vvould I be vvith her, if that I might
Trips shee, it likes me vvel, plods she, vvhat than?
She vvould be nimbler Lying vvith a man.

..nd when one ſweetly ſings, then ſtraight I long,
To quauer on her lips euen in her ſong,
O. if one touch the lute with art and cunning.
Wi o would not loue thoſe nimble handes for their
And the I like that with a maidſtie, (ſwift running
Foldes vp her armes, and makes low curteſie,
To leaue my ſelfe, that am in loue withal,
Some one of theſe might make the chaſteſt fal,
ſ ſhe be tall, ſhees like an amazon,
I And therefore fils the bed ſhe lyes vpon:
If ſhort. ſhe lyes the rounder to ſpeak troth,
Both ſhort & long pleale me, for I loue both:
If her white neck be ſhadowed with black hayre,
Why ſo was Ledas, yet was Leda faire.
Yellow treſſ is ſhe, then on the morne think I,
My loue alludes to euery hiſtorie:
A young wench pleaſeth, and an olde is good,
Thus for her lookes, that for her woman-hoode,
Nay what is ſhe, that any Romane loues,
But my ambitious ranging minde approues?

Amo-

Amorum. Lib. 2 Elegia 10

Ad Graecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

GRecinus (well I wot) thou toldst me once,
I could not be in loue with two at once.
By thee deceiued, by thee surpriſde am I.
For now I loue two women equally:
both are well fauoured, both rich in aray,
VVhich is the louliest it is hard to say:
This seemes the faireſt, so doth that to me,
This doth pleaſe me most, and so doth she,
Euen as a boate, toſt by contrary winde,
So with this loue and that wauers my minde,
Venus why doubleſt thou my endleſſe smart?
Was not one wench inough to grieue my heart?
Why addſt thou ſtarres to heauen, leaues to greene
And to the deep vaſt sea freſh water floods? (woods
Yet this is better farre then lye alone,
let ſuch as be mine enemies haue none,
Yea, let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,
And in the mids their bodyes largely spread:
But may ſoft loue rowſe vp my drowſie eyes.
And from my miſtris boſome let me riſe:
Let one wench cloy me with ſweet loues delight
If one can doote, if not, two euery night,
Though I am ſlender, I haue ſtore of pith,

Nor

Nor want I ſtrength, but weight to preſſe her with:
Pleaſure ads fuell to my luſtfull fire,
I pay them home with that they moſt deſire:
Oft haue I ſpent the night in wantonnes,
And in the morne bene liuely neretheleſſe,
Hees happy who loues mutuall skirmiſh ſlayes,
And to the Gods for that death Ouid prayes,
Let ſouldiour chaſe his enemies amayne,
And with his blood eternall honour gaine,
Let marchants ſeeke welth with periured lips,
And being wrackt, carowſe the ſea tir'd by their ſhips
But when I dye, would I might droope with doing,
And in the mids thereof, let my ſoule going,
That at my funerals ſome may weeping cry,
Euen as he led his life, ſo did he die.

Amorum lib. 3. Elegia 6.

Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire non potuit conqueritur.

EIther ſhe vvas ſoule, or her attire vvas bad,
Or ſhe vvas not the vvench I vvilht t'haue had,
Idly I lay vvith her, as if I louede her not,
And like a burden greeu'd me bed that moued not
Though both of vs performd our true intent,
Yet coulde I not caſt ancor where I meant,
She on my neck her luorie armes did throw.
That vvere as vvhite as is the Scithian ſnovv.
And eagerly ſhe kiſt me vvith her tongue.
And vnder mine, her vvanton thigh ſhe flong,
Yea, and ſhe ſoothde me vp, and calde me ſir
And vſde all ſpeech that might prouoke and ſtirre,
Yet like as if colde hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung dovvne the head and ſunke.
Like a dull Cipher, or rude block I lay,
Or ſhad, Or body vvas for vvho can ſay,
What vvill my age do? age I cannot ſhunne,
Seeing in my prime, my force is ſpent and done,
I bluſh, and being youthful, hot, and luſtie,
I proue neyther youth nor man, but olde and ru-
Pure Roſe ſhe, like a Nun to ſacrifice, (ſtie,

Or one that vvith her tender brother lies,
Yet boorded I the golden Chie tvvife.
And Libas and the vvhite cheek'de Pitho thrife.
Corinna craude it in a ſummers night,
And nine ſvveet boms had vve before day light,
What vvaſt my limbs throgh ſome Theſalia charms
May ſpels and droughs do ſillie ſoules ſuch harms?
With virgin vvaxe hath ſome imbaſt my ioyntes,
Had pierſt my Liuer vvith ſharp needle points,
Charmes change corne to graſſe and make it die,
By charmes are running ſprings & fountaines drie
By charmes Maſt drops from okes & vines grapes
And fruit frō trees, vvhē ther's no vvind at al. (ſal
Why might not then my ſinevves be inchaunted,
And I grovv faint, as vvith ſome ſpirit haunted.
To this and ſhame, ſhame to perform it quaild me,
And vvas the ſecond cauſe vvhy rigor faild me:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment vvhich ſhe vvore,
Yet might her touch make youthfull pilius fine,
And Tithon liuelier then his yeeres require,
Euen her I had, and ſhe had me in vaine,
What might I craue more if I aske againe
I think the great gods grieu'd they had beſtovvd,
This benefit, vvhich levvdlie I forſlovvde:
I vviſht to be reſtored in, and in I got me,
To kiſſe, I kiſſe. to lie vvith her ſhee let me.
Why vvas I b'eſt? vvhy made king? & refuſde it,
Chuf-like had I not golde, & could not vſe it?
So in a ſpring thriues he that'tolde ſo much,

And

And lookes vppon the fruits he cannot touch,
Hath any Rose so from a fresh young maide,
As she might straight haue gon to church & praid.
Well, I beleue she kist not as she shoulde,
Nor vide the slight nor cunning, vvhich she coulde
Huge Okes, hard Adamãts might she haue moued
& vvith svveet vvords, cause deaf rocks to haue lo-
Worthy she vvas to moue both gods & men (ued
But neither vvas I man. ne liued then,
Can deafe yeres take delit, vvhẽ Phemius sings,
Or Thamaris in curious painted things.
What svveet thought is there but I had the same,
And one gaue Place still as an other came.
Yet notvvithstanding, like one dead it lay,
Drouping more then a rose puld yesterday:
Novv vvhen he should not rier, he bolts vp-right,
And craues his task, & seekes to be at fight.
Lie dovvn vvith shame, & see thou stirre no more,
Seeing novv thou vvouldst deceiue me as before:
Thou cousendst me, by thee surprisde am I,
And bide great hurt vvith endlesse infamie.
Nay more, the Wench did not disdaine a vvhit,
To take it in her hand and play vvith it.
But vvhen she savv it vvould by no meanes stand,
but still dropt dovvn regarding not her hand
Why mok'st thou me she cried, or being ill,
Who bade thee lie dovvne here against thy vvill?
Eyther tha'rt vvitcht vvith bloud of frogges newv
Or iaded camst thou from some others bed. (dead
With that her loose gowne on frõ me she cast her

In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her,
And leſt her Maide ſhould knovv of this diſgrace,
To couer it, ſpilt vvater in the place.

Amorum Lib. 1 Elegia 2.

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci ſe a Cupidine Patiatur.

WHat makes my bed ſeeme hard ſeing it is ſoft?
Or vvhy ſlips dovvn the Couerlet ſo oft?
Although the nights be long, I ſleepe not tho,
My ſides are ſore vvith tumbling to and fro.
VVere loue the cauſe, it's like I ſhould deſcry him
Or lies he cloſe, and ſhootes vvhere none can ſpie him
T'vvas ſo he ſtrok me vvith a tẽder dart,
This cruell loue turmoyles my captiue hart.
yeelding or ſtriuing do vve giue him might,
Lets yeelde, a burden eaſily borne is light.
I ſavv a brandiſht fire increaſe in ſtreugth,
vvhich being not ſhakt, I ſavv it die at length.
young oxen nevvly yokt are beaten more,
Then Oxen vvhich haue dravvn the plovv before:
& rough jades mouths vvith ſtuburn bits are torne

But

But manag'e horſes heades are lightly borne.
Vnwilling louers, loue doth more torment,
Then ſuch as in their bondage feele content.
Lo I confeſſe, I am thy captiue I,
And holde my conquered handes for thee to tie.
VVhat need'ſt thou vvarre, I ſue to thee for grace
VVith armes to conquer armles men is baſe,
Yoke Venus Doues, put Mirtle on thy hayre,
Vulcan vvil giue thee Chariots rich and fayre:
The people thee applauding thou ſhalt ſtand
Guiding the harmles Pigeons vvith hand.
Yong men and VVœmen, ſhalt thou leade as thral
So wil thy triumphes ſeeme magnifical,
I lately cought, vvil haue a nevv made VVounde,
And captiue like be manacled and bound,
Good meaning ſhame, & ſuch as ſeek loues vvrack
Shall follovv thee, their handes tide at their back.
Thee al ſhal feare and vvorſhip as a king
Io. triumphing ſhal thy people ſing.
Smooth ſpeeches, feare & rage shal by thee ride,
VVhich troups haue alvvaies bin on Cupides ſide:
thou vvith theſe ſouldiers cõquerſt gods & men.
take theſe avvay vvhere is thy honor then?
Thy mother ſhal from heauen applaud this ſhovv,
And on their faces, heapes of Roſes ſtrovv.
VVith beutie of thy vvings, thy faire hayre guilded
Ride golden loue in Chariots richlie builded.
Vnleſſe I erre, ful many shalt thou qurne,
And giue vvordes infinite at euery turne.

In ſpite of thee, forth vvil thy Arrovves flie,
A ſcorching flame burnes all the ſtanders by.
So hauing cõquerd Inde, vvas Bacchus hevv,
Thee Põpous byrdes & him tvvo Tigers drevve,
Then ſeeing I grace thy ſhevv in follovving thee.
Forbeare to hurt thy ſelfe in ſpoyling me-
Behold thy kinſmans Ceſars proſperous handes,
Who g[illegible]s thee cõquered vvith his conquering (handes.

FINIS.